

WOULDN'T SPLIT A PAIR.

New York Woman Had Presence of Mind and Generosity.

Because she had not time to return for a glove she had dropped, and knowing it would be as useless to the person at whose feet it had fallen as its mate would be to her, a woman tossed the glove she held in her hand after the one that was lost. The incident happened on the stairway to an elevated station.

The woman, richly dressed, was hurrying up the stairs, as if late in keeping an engagement, and was putting on a new pair of gloves that were in keeping with the rest of her attire. One was partly on her hand when the other slipped from her grasp, struck the rail and dropped to the street. As it fell it hit the arm of a plainly dressed girl standing below. The woman paused for the part of a moment, looked after the falling glove and met the glance of the startled girl. Then, without stopping in her ascent, she stripped from her hand the glove which she had been putting on and tossed it after its fellow.

Smiling at the girl, she anticipated the thanks she knew would be coming to her, and called out pleasantly: "You are welcome."

Before the girl had recovered from her surprise the woman was out of sight, but the new pair of gloves remained.—New York Press.

Writers Who Were Pedestrians.

"Christopher North" (Prof. John Wilson), a giant over six feet high, whose "tread seemed almost to shake the streets," thought nothing of tramping forty miles in eight hours, or of walking from Liverpool to Ellersay, a distance of eighty miles, in a day. Wordsworth, though he could never have kept pace with Wilson's swinging stride, was always good for a twenty-mile stroll, and used to boast that he had walked six times 'round the earth. Charles Dickens was always at his brightest and happiest when he was striding gayly along country lanes at a good five miles an hour. On one memorable occasion he covered twenty miles "fair heel and toe" in a shade over four hours, and very proud he was of his deed. Prof. Fawcett, blind though he was, tramped his thirty miles many a day over Cambridge roads; and in our own day, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Bryce and Mr. John Davidson, the poet, might well be matched against any other three pedestrians of equal years in England.—Westminster Gazette.

A Song of Hope.

Lord, every little sparrow finds its crumbs to eat from Thee,
And chirps its little chirp of praise
To Thee, the Giver of its days,
And bids to-morrow "go its ways,"
And so will I.

Lord, every little daisy lifts its face up to the sun,
And drinks in of its warmth and light,
And revels in its days so bright,
Without the fear of coming night;
And so will I.

Lord, every little daisy lifts its face up to the sun, song sweet,
Choosing the night to sing to Thee
A tender, heaven-born melody
Sung in darkness hopefully;
And so will I.

"Songs in the night He giveth," and
listens to hear them sung—
Songs of a tender Father's love,
Songs of a father home above,
Songs whispered by that Holy Dove
Who broods o'er all.

One Time He Had Forgotten.

Senator Knute Nelson was telling colleagues about his experiences with a subcommittee in Alaska. They made a landing at Nome one day when the sea was so rough that the passengers were put in a cage and swung ashore. "And that," he concluded, "was the only time any man ever had me in a cage." "Not much," bluntly interposed Senator Berry of Arkansas, with whom Mr. Nelson has many a time and oft fought over the battles of the civil war. "We had you in a cage at Fort Hudson." And Senator Nelson had to admit it. He was taken prisoner by the Confederates there and for a season held in durance villa

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TWO MINDS, ONE THOUGHT.

All the Circumstances Seemed to Point to a Single Conclusion.

They sat together on the sofa, watching the dying embers. They had been silent for some time. He moved uneasily. It was apparent that something was on his mind. He looked at her furtively. She was a beautiful girl. He determined at last to make the plunge and turned his face resolutely toward hers.

"Dear," he said, "I am going to ask you a question that I have never asked before. I hope it will not shock you. You will notice by a glance at the clock that it is nearly midnight. There is not a sound in the house, and it is evident that your father and mother have both gone to bed. There is no one else to disturb us. All is serene. The gas overhead is turned down to the right point, and these embers shed just the correct glow. A soft, sentimental feeling that I have not been able to overcome has begun to steal over me. I hope it has over you. Now, what I want to ask you is this: Considering all the circumstances I have mentioned, do you think it would be quite proper for me to kiss you?"

The beautiful creature at his side turned impulsively and laid a delicate hand on his arm.

"Do you want to know what I really think?" she said, earnestly.

"Yes."

"Then, considering everything, I don't think it would be proper for you not to kiss me."—Town Topics.

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